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ESTABLISHED 1877-NEW SERIES.

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## A Friend with the Countersign

Story of a Spy in the Civil War.

By B. K. BENSON.

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### CHAPTER I.

DOCTOR KHAYNE.

"When afar  
You rise, remember one man's name,  
Knew you, and named a star."  
—Browning.

We were at the Sanitary Commission's field hospital. There were ambulances, tents, surgical appliances. The Doctor and his daughter had been busy all the morning. On a bed, swung by pulleys and ropes, lay the outstretched form of a gallant enemy who had been picked up on the field of Bristoe by one of Dr. Khayne's ambulances. Col. Paul's wound was in the throat, so near an artery that the most delicate care was required in handling him. Lydia, a nurse trained in the British hospital at Bombay, and proficient through experience in the campaigns of McDowell, McClellan, and their successors, was giving herself to this seemingly fatal case with great patience, while the skill of Dr. Khayne had already effected a little alleviation of the poor man's agony. The Colonel was yet speechless, indeed great fear was felt that he would never regain his power of speech.

I believe there is a theory, or perhaps I should say fancy—for the Doctor's speech is knocked the notion out of my brain with one of his arguments invariably unanswerable—that all things move in cycles. One of those novel writers, Maryat perhaps, makes a peculiar character contend that everything comes again—that you and I shall after a while find ourselves back in this same old world, surrounded by the same old friends, and smoking the same old pipes. Even at this time I am speaking of I didn't believe all this, for while it is true that the Doctor was slowly puffing from the very pit of the very old head that I had seen more than a year before, my job was an innovation; I had added the comfort of smoking to my unpleasant experience while with the Confederates. Yet here I was at Centerville, from which hamlet more than two years ago I had marched in the ranks of the 11th Mass. to the disastrous field of the "Palm Tree."

"It all comes back," asked my old tutor.

"Vividly."

The Doctor and Lydia had walked with me to a hill from which we had a wide view of the undulating country to the southward, a region peculiarly familiar. "How long has it been since you saw this landscape?"

"How long it is from August 28, '62, to October 17, '63, Doctor?"

"Four hundred and fifteen days," replied Dr. Khayne.

"It is 10,000," said Lydia.

"This is the very spot where we rested on the 28th of August last year," I exclaimed.

"Where were we then, Father?"

"At Manassas Junction," said he.

"Yes," I said; "do you see that turn in the road down yonder? From that spot, as Gregg's Brigade was marching toward Stone Bridge, we saw the dust made by Pope's column coming from Manassas to Centerville."

My dear Lydia's eyes were moist; she seemed about to speak, but remained silent.

"Is it not strange, Doctor, that I should be here again, at my old starting-point?"

"Yes," certainly strange, Jones, the world would say, no doubt; yet in Meade's army there are thousands who are thinking somewhat similarly in regard to their own experience."

"But with a great difference," said Lydia; "Mr. Berwick has had the experience of two persons."

"Gen. Meade will retreat no farther," said the Doctor.

In the Bristoe campaign, Lee's hopes of repeating Stonewall Jackson's famous march of the previous year had been baffled by the successful retreat of the Union army, in determining which retreat I had played some small part; indeed, through very remarkable good luck, I was credited by Gen. Meade with having been the first to bring him undoubted news of Lee's purpose. The Union army now occupied the old Confederate intrenchments constructed to Beauregard's time. Farther to the east, the lines of infantry extended right and left. Batteries had been planted at irregular intervals upon commanding knolls. In the northwest could be heard at times the low rumble of cannon firing—some small cavalry action, perhaps, away off toward Aldie.

The positive tone which Dr. Khayne had just uttered did not surprise me, either by its manner or its matter. I knew him of old; he was not only a man of meriting judgment; but he was another one at most its match none of Dr. Gaine's house."

"When did you lean your musket against that tree?"

"July 21, '61. Do you see that smoke off yonder in the southwest—about six or seven miles? That is just about the place where that old musket is now—or rather the two pieces of it."

"When did you see the tree at Dr. Gaine's?"

"June 28, last year."

"In the battle in which you were wounded?"

"The day after the battle. They laid me under the tree."

"When you saw that tree at Dr. Gaine's, you did not recall this one?"



B. K. BENSON.

Author of "Who Goes There?" and "A Friend with the Countersign."

struggle of individual will against the most adverse circumstances. You have won. Your case, if it ever becomes known to the world—and I think it will—will be a great encouragement to every man; the will is free, Jones."

Dark clouds were rolling up from the South. "We shall have a shower," said the Doctor.

"Yes," said Lydia; "and I must get ahead of you."

"What will be the next movement, Doctor?"

"Lee will retreat at once," said the Doctor. "Meade will advance. He should not have retreated; and he would not have done so, except for deference to the views of the Administration."

"What! He should not have retreated? And Lee on his flank?"

"If Meade had advanced he would have been in Lee's rear, and by this time might have had Richmond; but, of course, the Washington authorities will never allow the capital to be uncovered, and Meade could not do otherwise than retire."

"Doctor, your saying that Gen. Meade should not have retreated distresses me."

"You told me—I remembered the date distinctly—it was on July 21, '61—that it would be given me to serve the country in a remarkable way. I have been trusting that by bringing to Gen. Meade the information which decided him to retreat was the service meant."

"If he should not have retreated, did I not do harm?"

"Not at all; he would have retreated too late, but for the news you brought. You did not cause him to retreat, but to retreat in time."

I felt comforted. "Then my work—or at least the important work which you foresaw as possible—has been done, Doctor?"

He looked at me seriously, silent for a few moments. Then he said: "You have done what few could have done, my boy. But your having brought information to Lee's march seems a small service compared with what I can see is possible to you—and possible to no other man."

"What am I to do, Doctor?" I asked eagerly and fearfully.

"Particulars are worthless," said he; "and I cannot foresee the precise line of your work. Your present powers are great—that I can see many things as possible—so many that among them all I refuse to select. It seems to me that you will have it in your power to do for your cause for the Union—as great a work as you have recently done for this army. Try to be content with this, my boy, and I will be content with you."

How could I be content? I was long silent.

"What do you think now, Jones, as to the duration of the war?" he asked, no doubt wishing to divert my thought.

"I think the Confederates cannot hold out always," said I; "the Army of the Potomac is much stronger than Lee's army."

"Yes; this Bristoe campaign was a very bold thing on Lee's part," said the Doctor; "but he will retreat at once. He cannot win a battle for which he is not prepared on this ground, and he is already too far from his base. He can do nothing but retreat."

"I remember that, last year, after second Manassas, Captain Haskell told me that we were too far advanced from Richmond. We were over yonder, about six miles from this spot."

"That Captain of yours seems to have had a great influence over you, Jones."

"The best man I ever knew, to be a soldier," said I; "when he was killed, my life was changed. I suppose it was lack of interest in my surroundings that began to cause me to feel interest in the possibilities of other surroundings."

"When the mind loses one resource it gets another."

When we reached the Doctor's camp I found one of Gen. Meade's orderlies waiting for me. I was commanded to report at once to the General. The Doctor said to me aside, "Don't hesitate to confide in the General; he knows enough already to justify your telling him everything."

### CHAPTER II.

AT HEADQUARTERS, A. OF P.

"What say you to it? Will you again un-knit this church knot of all-aborred war?"

And move in that obedient orb again. Where you did give a fair and natural light.

And he no more an exhal'd meteor. A prodigy of fear, and a portent Of broached mischief. . . .—Shakespeare.

Gen. Meade was alone; he admitted me at once.

"Berwick," said he, kindly, "I owe you a good deal. I don't want you to believe that I have forgotten you. My time has been very full since you came to me on the Rappahannock."

"Yes, General."

"From what Dr. Khayne tells me, you know all that you are telling me."

"He knows more about it than I do, General. Dr. Khayne certainly knew, on the night of June 2, when Gen. Morel ordered me to go into the Confederate lines, that my mind was then in a peculiar state. He provided a safeguard for me which I could not see through."

"What sort of safeguard?"

"He made me write in a diary, as a Confederate soldier. I will show it to you, here it is."

The General took the little book, in which several dates had been filled by me, at Dr. Khayne's dictation, with events occurring on a march of Confederate troops.

"I see B. Jones written here," said he, at last.

"Yes, sir; my name is Jones Berwick. I was the son of Jones and the General's—or simply Jones. I knew better, but the Surgeon thought that my mind had tricked me, and I had to go by the name of Jones."

"But why did not the Doctor make you write the name of some regiment under this signature?"

"Oh, I see. If they had found the name of a regiment, you would have been suspected, as the regiment would not own you."

"Yes, sir; the regiment would have disclaimed me at once."

"I see."

"And then, too, General, the Doctor knew the fate of a spy caught within the enemy's lines."

"I see. Upon my soul, that Doctor is a clever man; and not only a clever man, but he shook his head meaningly. 'But why change your name? What's the good of the Joneses?'"

"Jones is very common, sir, as a surname, and the Doctor might well hope that it would attract no suspicion. Then, Berwick is not an unknown name in Charleston, and, as the sequel proved, I was thrown into a regiment which had three companies in it from Charleston. Jones Berwick, my name, was recognized by name, at least, as the son of a Northern man."

"I see; upon my soul, that Doctor is wonderful. And nobody from Charleston recognized you?"

"No, sir; and I recognized nobody, though I now know that in Co. L there were men with whom I had gone to school."

"Co. L? How many companies in that regiment?"

"Only ten, sir. We had no Co. D."

"Why not?"

"There was a Co. D, sir, at first, but it became McIntosh's battery, and another company was put into the regiment, and called Co. L."

"I know that battery. That was my old brigade which broke yours at Fredericksburg, when your Gen. Gregg was killed. Were you in Co. L?"

"No, sir; Co. H, and Co. A of the sharpshooters."

"What sharpshooters?"

"The battalion of sharpshooters formed in McGowan's Brigade."

"Ah! Lee has that system?"

"Gen. Pender had a battalion formed for every brigade in his division. After his death, General, the battalions were dissolved, and the men went back to their regiments. But they are to be reorganized this winter, when no campaign is going on, and put in better shape than ever."

"Two or three men are detailed from each company, making a hundred, or a hundred and twenty from the brigade. These men are formed into three companies, under officers noted for qualities that fit them for work at the front. The battalions do all the skirmishing—at least while their strength lasts—for the brigades."

The General wrote some words on a sheet of paper at his elbow.

"How long did you serve in that battalion, Berwick?"

"It was organized just after Chancellorsville, General, and was dissolved in September. I went through the Gettysburg campaign in that battalion."

"How were you armed?"

"We had Enfield rifles, General; almost every man in Lee's infantry has an Enfield."

"Is there not a body of men armed with Whitworths?"

"No, sir; there are only 20 such rifles in Lee's army."

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Morel in regard to the battle of Hanover Court-House. I have a fieldglass which once was Gen. Morel's; he gave it to me as an act of appreciation for service I had done. Dr. Khayne lent it when I went into the Confederate lines, fearing that it would cause suspicion. I can furnish abundant proof of my having lived in Charleston, and having spent much time in other parts of South Carolina. There need be no doubt of my statement, unless it be doubt of the fact that the mind may suffer loss of memory."

"What you are telling me is very strange, Berwick. Does Dr. Khayne know all that you are telling me?"

"He knows more about it than I do, General. Dr. Khayne certainly knew, on the night of June 2, when Gen. Morel ordered me to go into the Confederate lines, that my mind was then in a peculiar state. He provided a safeguard for me which I could not see through."

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## Want a Big Check?

EVERY one of these prizes will be won.

The closest guess, even if wide of the mark, will win \$5,000; the next closest, \$1,000; the next, \$500; the next, \$400, and so on—96 cash prizes and four free ticket prizes.

YOU can guess as close as any one. Watch the Treasury receipts as reported.

Start now and raise a club of ten. Then you will have 1,024 guesses. Better still, raise a club of 20, 30, 40 or 50. This contest is worthy of a big effort.

Guess the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for Monday, June 30, 1902. Send in guesses to arrive in Washington on or before June 28, 1902.

Regular Prizes.

The first prize will be won by the nearest guess. The second prize and up to the 100th by the next nearest guesses, in the order named.

1st prize \$5,000	49th prize \$25
2d " 1,000	50th " 25
3d " 500	51st " 25
4th " 400	52d " 25
5th " 300	53d " 25
6th " 200	54th " 25
7th " 100	55th " 25
8th " 100	56th " 25
9th " 100	57th " 25
10th " 100	58th " 25
11th " 50	59th " 25
12th " 50	60th " 25
13th " 50	61st " 25
14th " 50	62d " 25
15th " 50	63d " 25
16th " 50	64th " 25
17th " 50	65th " 25
18th " 50	66th " 25
19th " 50	67th " 25
20th " 50	68th " 25
21st " 25	69th " 25
22d " 25	70th " 25
23d " 25	71st " 25
24th " 25	72d " 25
25th " 25	73d " 25
26th " 25	74th " 25
27th " 25	75th " 25
28th " 25	76th " 25
29th " 25	77th " 25
30th " 25	78th " 25
31st " 25	79th " 25
32d " 25	80th " 25
33d " 25	81st " 25
34th " 25	82d " 25
35th " 25	83d " 25
36th " 25	84th " 25
37th " 25	85th " 25
38th " 25	86th " 25
39th " 25	87th " 25
40th " 25	88th " 25
41st " 25	89th " 25
42d " 25	90th " 25
43d " 25	91st " 25
44th " 25	92d " 25
45th " 25	93d " 25
46th " 25	94th " 25
47th " 25	95th " 25
48th " 25	96th " 25

97th prize. Free ticket to Washington and return.

98th prize. Free ticket to Washington and return.

99th prize. Free ticket to Washington and return.

100th prize. Free ticket to Washington and return.

All prizes paid within two weeks after announcement of the awards. No claim for an award considered after the awards have been paid. If more than one guess makes the same winning, the prize will be divided.

Prizes good during 1902 from any point on a railroad not exceeding 1,000 miles from Washington. Winners living beyond 1,000 miles can arrange for the excessive distance at reduced rates.

How Guesses Are Secured.

Guesses are secured by raising clubs for the paper. No club raiser can make guesses, however, unless he shall send in a club of at least two yearly subscribers at \$1 each, for which four guesses will be allowed. For each additional subscriber added to the club, the number of guesses allowed will be doubled, as follows:

For a club of two.....4 guesses

For a club of three.....8 guesses

For a club of four.....16 guesses

For a club of five.....32 guesses

For a club of six.....64 guesses

For a club of seven.....128 guesses

For a club of eight.....256 guesses

For a club of nine.....512 guesses

For a club of ten.....1,024 guesses

This closes the club and the club raiser wishing more guesses can then start over again and raise another club of ten, and so on, receiving a total of 1,024 guesses every time his club of ten is filled.

The guesses must all be in on or before Saturday, June 28, but they may be sent any time previous to that date.

Treasury Receipts.

LAST YEAR.

Monday, June 3.....\$3,104,094.41

Monday, June 10.....2,402,384.54

Monday, June 17.....2,367,370.97

Monday, June 24.....1,834,267.73

Monday, July 1.....2,974,508.88

THIS YEAR.

Monday, March 3.....\$1,965,436.41

Monday, March 10.....2,369,923.97

Monday, March 17.....1,994,883.64

Monday,